

# LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



## WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

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*"Is it not certainly presumable, that the Ladies of Philadelphia will generously subscribe to the support of a paper devoted to their own edification and amusement?"*

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### THE WHITE COTTAGE.

[Continued.]

The gossip of the village was more busy than ever: never had such marvellous and mysterious circumstances occurred at Albany, and the less that was known the more was asserted. Curiosity was in every eye, conjecture on every tongue. All that had transpired at the church had been canvassed and commented upon, causes assigned, and conclusions formed, according to the wishes or liberality of the speaker. Mrs. Sinclair's illness, the stranger's message to the Cottage, and Edmund's visit to him at the inn, were variously discussed and accounted for.

It was now the beginning of June. Mrs. Sinclair found herself extremely weak and languid; and having several times derived great benefit from sea-air and sea-bathing, she was advised again to have recourse to it. 'We may as well unite pleasure with health, (said she;) perhaps, Julia, Edmund and his sister will accompany us; employ your eloquence to persuade the former, and I will use mine to gain the latter.' The plan was proposed, and readily agreed to. To Ellen it was replete with novelty; for she had never been thirty miles from Albany: and her parents were happy to grant her the indulgence requested, and every thing was arranged. A post-chariot with a ba-

rouche seat, accommodated the little party, and two servants with their luggage followed in a post-chaise.

The party were now at Ryde, and amused themselves in exploring the beauties of its vicinity, rambling in its woods, seeking the shelter of its green recesses, and admiring its rich and varied scenery. Mrs. Sinclair had received great benefit from the waters at the various places they had stopped at; and her spirits were more serene than her friends had ever known them. The happiness of the two lovers was discoverable in their tone of voice, in their smile, and even in their silence. Ellen, in witnessing the felicity of beings so dear to her, believed that her own could not admit of increase. Her beloved brother was at last, she thought, rewarded for every sacrifice he had made; and she knew that her friend would be, as she deserved to be, the happiest of women. While her mind was pursuing this train of sweet reflection, she was informed that letters were arrived, and she hastened to receive those addressed to her.

As Edmund perused his, Ellen could not but observe the irradiations of pleasure brightening his fine countenance, and impatiently waited the development of the cause. When they had all concluded reading their letters, he said 'Congratulate me upon the return of my oldest and dearest friend,





## ANECDOTES &amp; SCRAPS.

*A Modern Othello.*

A sanguinary deed was perpetrated lately, by a negro man slave, who, after cutting the throat of his wife, committed the same horrid act upon himself. The wounds he inflicted on the woman, were severe and ghastly, but not mortal; she has since recovered. His own wounds are slight, as it appears that he did not relish the operation very well on a trial of it upon himself. A fit of jealousy is said to have moved this modern Othello to attempt the life of his 'dingy Desdemona;' and probably it did not require the insidious artifices of an Iago to conjure up the 'green eyed monster' in his bosom.

*Punctuality.*

A gentleman being on his journey in Cornwall stopped at a small inn at port Isaac to dine. The waiter presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observing a fine duck roasting, 'I'll have that,' said the traveller. 'You cannot, sir,' said the landlord, 'it is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter.' 'I know Mr. Scott very well,' rejoined the gentleman, 'he is not in your house.' 'True sir,' said the landlord, 'but, six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day precisely at 2 o'clock;' and to the astonishment of the traveller he saw the old gentleman, on his Rosinante, jogging into the inn yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

*Anticipation.*

The late lord Avonmore, altho a man of distinguished talents, was too apt from a hasty disposition, to anticipate the tendency of an argument. A celebrated lawyer, whose client had suffered in consequence of this habit, took the following method of reproving it: Being engaged to dine in company with the noble lord, he delayed going till the company were at dinner. When he entered the room, he apologised for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating that from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings: 'I was passing thro the market,' said he: 'a calf was bound to a post: the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a beautiful child ran across him, and O! my God! he killed'—'The child!' exclaimed his lordship: 'No, my lord, the calf; but your lordship is in the habit of anticipating.'

*Irish simplicity.*

An Irishman, just from the bogs, having to deliver a letter on board a ship, arrived too late, the boat had just put off for the vessel with a full sail. The Irishman ran along the shore, and kept up with the boat; but as it was going to weather the point, they lowered sail. The fellow being nearly exhausted, gave up the chase, crying, 'arra, now, dear honey! if you're going to strip to it, the devil himself can't catch you.'

## SUNDAY READING.

## THE COTTAGER'S WIFE.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

(Continued.)

I had officiated but once in my parish, when I was told that there was a poor young woman, supposed to be in a decline, who wished to see me. I accordingly took an early opportunity of calling on her. As I reside about two miles from the village, and could have, as yet, but a slight acquaintance with the characters of its inhabitants; I was employed, during my walk, in considering in what manner I might be likely to render my visits most profitable to my poor patient. My clerical brethren, and indeed all those who have been in the habit of attending the sick beds, whether of the rich or the poor, will readily enter into the anxiety and perplexity of my thoughts upon such a subject. They will not be surprised, that my expectations, as to the actual state of the sick person, were not very favorable; and that I rather feared to find, what is so commonly met with on these occasions, either great insensibility and unconcern, or a false and ill-grounded satisfaction and confidence in the goodness and safety of her condition. It is a melancholy consideration, that there should in general be so much ground for such apprehensions; and whilst it shews the vast importance of a parochial ministry, it may serve to quicken those who are engaged in it, to the diligent use of every means of awakening and instructing their flocks. Absorbed in this painful but profitable train of thought, I arrived at the village, and was soon directed, by my clerk's daughter, to one of the smallest cottages I had ever seen. On lifting the latch of this lowly dwelling, I was struck with the remarkable cleanliness and neatness of every part of it. The furniture, tho of the humblest kind, was decent, and in the most perfect order; and various traces might be perceived of the industry and care of the mistress of this little abode, tho she had now been confined for some weeks to her bed. The cottage consisted but of two small rooms, separated by a few stairs, or rather steps, which led from the one to the other. I was met, at my entrance, by a pleasing-looking elderly woman, holding in her arms an infant, a few months old. 'I heard,' said I, 'that a young woman was ill here, and I have called to see her. Are you her mother?' 'I am her husband's mother, sir, and this is her little child. Poor dear babe, he has never known the comfort of his mother, and I am afraid he will soon lose her.' 'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear she is so ill—Would she like to see me now, do you think?' 'O yes, sir, that I am sure she will.' This reply was made in so unusual a tone of confidence, that I hailed it as a token of good. [To be continued.]

## THE TEA-TABLE TRIBUNAL.

MR. EDITOR....You have undoubtedly read of many terrible tribunals, such as the Inquisition, and the Lion's-Mouth Tribunal of Venice, and the Secret Tribunal of Germany. But there is a tribunal now in session, even in this land of freedom, which, for cruelty and arbitrary proceedings, comes very little if any behind those scourges of Europe. It has been sitting ever since the settlement of the smallest village in this country; and, unless the conscientious part of the community rigorously set their faces against it, will continue to sit as long as there is a village left standing. I mean, sir, *the tribunal of the Tea-table!* If being frowned upon, without knowing one's offences; accused, without knowing the accuser, or even the accusation; and finally sentenced and burned alive, without a chance of defence, or even a fair hearing; if these constitute the odious character of the Inquisition, I cannot see why the tribunal of the Tea-table should fall short in the comparison. At this dreadful seat, occupied indiscriminately by garrulous age, starched celibacy, or pert girlhood and boyhood, one is liable to be tried without a hearing; condemned without lenity; and turned over without mercy, to be cut in quarters by a keen tongue, frozen to death by the frowns of a fair forehead, hung on gibbets from a scorn-raised under lip (made for much kinder offices), or consumed alive in the flames of an intolerably bright and indignant eye.

I think these sufferings, often unmerited, are too severe to be borne; and there are sufferers enough to put down this kind of tyranny, if we can once bring them to act in concert. To effect this purpose, I propose to give, in future, as leisure serves, some account of the proceedings of this tribunal; that the anti-scandalists may exhibit to the world the tyranny of this usurped power, and the justice of the struggle they mean to make against it.—*Watchman.*

## FIFTY SMILES REWARD!

One evening last week, about six o'clock (or tea-time), the reputation of the subscriber was broken open in her absence, and the following articles stolen: One peace of mind, five night's sleep, a quantity of the confidence of innocence, a package of heart's ease, and a good matrimonial prospect. What aggravates the robbery is, that the plunderers, as if to add insult to injury, left in

the place of these precious articles, a ragged bundle of shame, and a filthy lump of reproach. Whoever will enable the subscriber to recover these valuable effects, shall receive fifty sweet smiles; provided, if the finder be a gentleman, he will not, like too many forward fellows, take them for an encouragement to make love.—*LACHRYMILLA.*

## N.B....WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A person, capable of teaching the following branches: Truth, temperance, punctuality, liberality, public spirit, investigation, reflection, self-command, and the art of minding one's own business. The applicant must be a practical as well as professed scholar in these branches. He may apply almost any where, as there are but few places but are in need of his instruction.

[From the (London) 'Ladies' Literary Museum.']

## "I HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE!"

*'Hence, girls, once modest, without blush appear,  
'With arms display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare!'*

For the amusement of my fair readers, I shall, before I say any thing about the belles of the present day, place before them in idea an English beau of the fourteenth century, than which nothing can exhibit a more fantastic appearance. Conceive to yourselves the figure of a man, with long-pointed shoes fastened to his knees with gold chains; hose of one color on one leg, and of another color on the other; short breeches of a remarkably thin texture, which hardly reach the middle of his thighs; a long beard, of which they were particularly careful, having, at a much later period, buckram-cases, to prevent them from being tumbled in their sleep; a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, such as lions, bulls, and dancing dogs, and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the top of the mode in the time of Edward-the-third. What a contrast to the bucks of this *stripping-æra!*

How sudden are the transitions of fashion from deformity to beauty! While we view the antique dress of an old family picture, what a propensity we experience to ridicule the preposterous taste of our fore-elders!—and yet, there is no doubt but our present costume, whilst they considered the superiority of their own, would have appeared equally ludicrous in their eyes. How remarkably do the fluctuations of fashion operate during the



short period of our transitory existence! A broad-backed coat, a high-crowned hat, or a long-waist, become in a short time, by turns, most laughably absurd:

*'Hence, girls, once modest, without blush, appear  
'With arms display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare:'*

By this satyrist it appears, that the dresses of our fair belles are not peculiar to the present times; nay, all my predecessors have had occasion to censure this affectation of nudity.

I suppose, ere this, that the consciences of many of my fair readers prompt them to anticipate some satirical animadversions on their present mode of dress: but I forbear to dwell on so trite a subject, as most of our literary papers teem with reflections of this nature, leaving that period to their own good sense, when every delicate mind shall hail so desirable a reformation. I would only ask, if their secondary pleasures ever excelled, or even equalled, their primary sensations? Certain it is, that the most beautiful and curious objects progressively lose their charms from familiarity.

'Twas an admirable performance of Kembles!' exclaimed Squire Rustic.—'True, sir, but we who see him so frequently, are almost strangers to his excellence.' 'But, that charming air of Mrs. Mountain's....'—'was certainly pretty, but I had heard it before.' 'What a beautiful production is Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy!'—'It is a fine poem; but I have read it before.'

Let every Lady, therefore, take care, that, whenever she dresses in the present fashion, and displays a 'swan-soft bosom' whiter than snow, the men do not look on it as if they were saying, *'It is very pretty, but we have seen it before.'*

I cannot, however conclude, without offering these remarks to my female readers, on the important subject of dress: Let your own discretion be your tutor; adapt the dress to the complexion; with this special observance, that you 'overstep not the modesty of nature.' Let an apparent ease and negligence be discovered, that it may seem more the effect of a native simplicity than art. Observe the beautiful LAVINIA:

*'A native grace*

Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'

DECORA.

## THE THEATRE.

[From the (London) *'Ladies' Literary Museum.'*]

### ANTONIO, A NEW TRAGEDY.

*The Story.*—D'Almanza, an Arragonese nobleman and preceptor to the king, betroths, on his death-bed, his only daughter Helena, to his particular friend Don Rodrigo. After the death of D'Almanza, Rodrigo is called to Naples, to inherit the estate of a distant relation; and, entering into the Neapolitan wars, is, after having performed many valorous achievements, made prisoner by the duke of Milan. The court of Naples, influenced by a dishonorable cabal, takes advantage of this circumstance, and, at once, both disposes of the estate bequeathed him to another claimant, and refuses to make the smallest effort to procure liberty to him, from whose courage and exertions they had derived the most essential benefit. In the mean time, Helena had become the wife of Don Gusman, duke of Zuniga, favorite of the king of Arragon, and who had preserved her in a situation of the greatest peril. Antonio D'Almanza, who had accompanied Rodrigo in his Neapolitan expedition, now returns to Arragon, to solicit his ransom from that monarch. On his arrival, he receives the news of his sister's marriage; and, being extremely incensed, resolves to leave no means untried to dissolve a union which he regards as unauthorised and disgraceful. He makes an experiment on the temper and feelings of Helena; but finds her immovable. He presses the king with the utmost importunity; but Pedro, favorable to him in every other point, eludes and disappoints him in this. Driven from all his resources, he proceeds to seize his sister's person by force, and secretes her in a convent, the abbess of which is in league with him, with such precautions as he thinks best calculated to prevent either the king or the duke from discovering the place of her concealment. It is, however, detected; she is restored to her husband, and protected by the king; and Antonio, driven to frenzy by his continual failures, is at last so far exasperated, as, in the presence of the king, the duke, the court, and the whole body of guards attendant on the royal person, to plunge his sword in the bosom of his sister.

*Remarks.*—As this tragedy was finally condemned on its first performance, we spare ourselves the disagreeable task of exposing its imperfections, further than to say, that the author must have been

wholly unacquainted with stage-effect; for almost the entire business was carried on in dialogue, the stage never exhibiting, until the last act, more than two persons at a time; the speeches, tho in some parts well written, were intolerably long, and of course tedious; which, together with a total want of interest, after the second act, excited murmurs of disapprobation, which soon changed into an incessant coughing, that prevented the performers from being heard, until the curtain dropped,....and the piece was not announced for repetition. Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons exerted all those talents which they are so well known to possess, to keep the audience in good humor; but we are sorry to say, that their pains were thrown away. Mr. Kemble's part was of most uncommon length; and the study of it, amidst his numerous managerial avocations, must have occupied very many hours, that, as it appeared, might have been more beneficially employed.

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#### ZAIDA.—A ROMANCE.

[From the German of Kotzebue.]

(Continued.)

(SOLIMAN'S TENT—he is engaged in important objects—he is surrounded by some of his best officers, when Murza was announced to him. He changed color; objects which he used to consider with the utmost care, were despatched in a moment; the officers were dismissed, and Murza admitted. A slave, loaded with presents, follows him.)

*Murza.* (Throwing himself at Soliman's feet.) May the great prophet bless thee, like the palm-tree on a fertile shore! Be to thine enemies a burning fire, to thy friends a reviving ray of the sun. Zaida greets thee, by me, the slave of the glorified emperor of the Ottomans. The terrors of the preceding day have given way to sentiments of gratitude, due to the unconquerable Soliman. She sends this letter and this scarf, to which thy most humble slave adds this unworthy turban.

*Soliman.* (Hastily takes the letter, reads it with glowing cheeks, and with pain suppresses the desire of pressing it to his lips.) Be welcome Murza! when dost thou intend to proceed on thy journey?

*Murza.* To-morrow or the day following, if the health of the women permits it.

*Soliman.* And which rout dost thou intend to take?

*Murza.* Straight to Adrianople, whither the commands of the vizier and of the kishlar-Aga call me. Thy servant knows that the valiant Soliman and the powerful kishlar-Aga are friends; he therefore presumes to beg, in profound submission, for a letter of recommendation.

*Soliman.* (To his slaves.) Entertain him in the best manner! Go, Murza, to the tent next to mine: I shall meanwhile write to Zaida, to thank her for her present—but thou must not set off to-morrow: it is better that the women recover from their fright; besides, Murza, a girl destined for the grand signior must not depart without my taking all proper measures for her safety. To-morrow I shall give a feast: meanwhile I shall send the necessary orders to prevent thy being detained any where. I shall also not forget the letter to the kishlar-Aga.

Murza threw himself upon the ground, muttered in high flown oriental language many expressions of gratitude, and followed then the slaves, who entertained him in a splendid manner. At his return he received the following letter:

SOLIMAN to the beautiful ZAIDA:

'Never mortal has performed his duty with greater pleasure than Soliman, when he saved the charming Zaida: never was a service better rewarded than to-day by thine invaluable present. Permit me, charming girl! who perhaps soon will be placed above me, to render my silent thanks at thy feet, which neither my lips nor my pen can express. May the great prophet take thee under his powerful protection! SOLIMAN.'

'But what will be the end of this?' whispered the conquered hero. 'Am I foolish enough to hope for the possession of a girl who is destined for the emperor? Ah! I would wrench her from any other, sword in hand! Stifle this thoughtless passion whilst it is yet time!—But, is it then time?—Ah! no, no! I love. I love with violence! Should I be so miserable as not to dare to hope? Return, thou goddess! to this wounded heart. She shall know that I love her: perhaps she will not be quite insensible; and how many accidents might there not happen that may favor my passion? The kishlar-Aga is my friend; he is governor of the seraglio; Muhamed loves me. Is it then a thing unheard of, that a sultan gives up to his favorite a woman de-

stined for his seraglio? The favorite sultaness is jealous: she will no doubt arrange it so that the beautiful Zaida is kept out of the emperor's sight. Ah, thou god of love, I have preserved thy most beautiful image! Do but assist me with thy companion, *cunning*, to whom, encouraged by thee, no height is too steep, nor no bolt too strong.'

With these words or thoughts, (whispered or thought on a solitary walk in an adjoining wood) he threw himself upon the ground, shaded by a large tree, and enjoyed a slumber, sweetened tenfold by the image of the beloved object.

Zaida had also rocked herself into dreams of juvenile fancy, and laid hold of every glimmering of hope. The passage in Soliman's letter, 'charming girl, who perhaps soon will be placed above me,' she did not like at all. She thought the seraskier should either not have mentioned this detested circumstance at all, or should have spoke of it with regret. It seemed to her as if self-love only had guided his pen, and as if he wished to gain the favor of the future spouse of his sovereign—yet, all this will be explained to-morrow; the keen eye of love will soon distinguish real intentions from glittering falsehood.

[To be continued.]

#### TO MY MOTHER.

Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest;  
It joys my heart to see thee rest,  
Unfelt, in sleep, thy load of sorrow,  
Breathe free and thoughtless of to-morrow;  
And long, and light, thy slumbers last,  
In happy dreams forget the past.  
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest;  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

Many's the night she wak'd for me,  
To nurse my helpless infancy!  
While cradled on her patient arm,  
She hush'd me with the mother's charm.

Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest;  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

And be it mine to soothe thy age,  
With tender care thy grief assuage,  
This hope is left to poorest poor,  
And richest child can do no more.

Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

#### THE LADIES VINDICATED.

Women are fickle!—no such thing,  
You can't make *that* appear—  
Invariably *one song* they sing:  
'*I'll stick to you, my dear.*'

Before the nuptial knot is tied,  
Their *rule* they don't relax,  
For if a *kissing match* be tried,  
They'll *stick to you* like wax.

Then after marriage tis the same,  
Their principles don't falter,  
They're *always right, whoe'er's* to blame;  
In short, *they* do not alter.

Should the contention rise to blows,  
But little good twill do you;  
They'll cry, 'till death my lips shall close,  
You scoundrel, *I'll stick to you.*'

EXPERIENCE.

#### THE ANSWER.

That men are fickle, is too true.  
And plain it doth appear:  
Too oft tis seen their lot they rue.  
Since tis with you my dear.

Before the nuptial knot is tied  
Their friendship ne'er relax;  
But when by Hymen ratified,  
It melts away like wax.

Then after marriage, tis too plain,  
Their principles do falter;  
They can't be seen with you, for shame;  
In short, they sadly alter.

Should the contention rise to blows,  
But little good you'll do:  
They cry—'I'm off, and well you know  
That I care not for you.' HENRIETTA.

#### LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 11, 1817.

(P) Our quarterly subscribers will please to recollect, that, according to the terms of publication, the sum of one dollar again became due, from each, on the delivery of the last number....Mr. Lewis will call on his patrons for this sum on Monday next, and return his thanks for the continuance of their support.

For past favors, his gratitude is best developed in the exertion he has just made, at great expense, to print the succeeding numbers of this paper in a style of typography which may bear a comparison with any periodical publication of the United States.



[For this paper.]

## THE LYRE OF LOVE....STRAIN XI.

TO SELA.

DESPAIR seems twining round my sinking heart,  
Faint is each hope that once I cherisht there;  
The joys of love are ready to depart,  
And bid me welcome the approaching bier!

Fame, honor, credit, wealth, no more I'll seek,  
But rove a stranger o'er the world's rough base;  
Alike indiff'rent to each blushing cheek,  
Alike regardless of each smiling face.

Life can no more give joy or peace to me,  
All my fond hopes are fled, for ever lost!  
My brightest hopes, (that once were fixt on THEE!)  
Are now on fierce Despair's wild ocean tost!

Then blame me not, it Apathy I woo  
Within this clay-cold sorrowing breast of mine;  
Or call on Death, already in my view,  
To clasp me in *his* arms, since lost to THINE!

For what without a ray of hope is life,  
Or who can live upon Despair's rude breast?  
O, come then, Death, and cease this dreadful strife,  
And let me on thy peaceful bosom rest.

When this despairing, faithful heart, my Love,  
Shall rest quiescent in the grave's still gloom,  
Indulge the feelings my sad fate may move,  
And with thy hallow'd tears bedew my tomb:

And, when you hear the vulgar use my name,  
The vulgar....those who know not *HOW TO FEEL!*  
Oh, bid them silence, vindicate my fame,  
And all my worth, a faithful heart, reveal.

EDWARD.

ENIGMA.

(A solution requested.)

If you the heart of man erase,  
And let a hen's supply its place,  
Adding a leopard's tail thereto,  
They'll quickly bring before your view  
What's requisite for all to do.

[For this paper.]

## SONG.—Air....'the bonny Down.'

At dawn of day, when little birds  
Sing blythely o'er their notes of love,  
By Lima's stream you'll hear me sigh,  
And mournful sing the woes I prove:  
Ah, wanton warblers, mock me not,  
With songs so cheerful, sweet and gay;  
O change your little merry notes,  
And join me in a plaintive lay.

At mid-day, by the flow'ry mead,  
In tears, you'll see me tread the vale;  
And, sighing, chide the blooming flow'rs  
That taunt me with their od'rous gale:  
Ye roseate flow'rs, no longer blow,  
Nor with such fragrance scent the lawn;  
You bring to mind THE ROSE I've lost,  
My loveliest Rose, forever gone!

And at the solemn midnight hour,  
Beneath the willow's gloomy shade,  
In broken sighs you'll hear me mourn  
The ruin long despair hath made:  
Oh, mournful willow, pity me,  
And echo every humid sigh;  
And hide a wretch from gaze of day,  
A wretch who only hopes to die!

EDWIN.

[For this paper.]

## The POET and the MAID of FASHION.

See, lovely maid, the setting sun,  
Sinking behind the gilded hills;  
See! now his daily course is done,  
And eve prepares its dewy chills.

Like him, on Life's last eve, we'll rest,  
And leave this world of woe and pain;  
Like him, our souls in glory drest,  
Shall mount into the skies again!

While thus I address the lovely maid,  
And bade my heart all sin resist,  
Celestially she smiled and said,  
'Come let us play a game of whist!'

U.

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